A HUSBAND'S WAIL

When first you gave your hand to me, So charming, love; from head to feet You were a perfect symphony. The pretty bang upon your brow,

Dear Genevieve, you were so sweet

The dainty ribbons that you wore-I shut my eyes and see them now:

Thus memory doth the past restore. To see a maiden half so fair One weary miles would have to go; You were so neat, and in your hair

You used to have a Jacqueminot. I see you tripping down the lane With pretty slippered feet again: You used to come in shine or rain-My wife, yourwere my sweetheart then

The collar that you wore was clean-Fresh from the iron, I should guess; You came to me with smiling mien, A vision rare of loveliness.

To-day around the house you go: Your slippers down at heel appear; Your hair has not a Jacqueminot-I think it needs a comb, my dear.

Your collar's soiled: the ribbons gone Which at your throat you used to wear; You have no smile for me, my own-Your wrapper sadly needs repair.

How different, darling, you appear! Is mine the fault? Unhappy fate! I think you've hooked your fish, my dear, And have no further use for bait. -Boston Budget.

AN APRIL FOOL.

A Dramatic Story Good for All Seasons of the Year.

In Three Parts.

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Brown, an eccentric elderly millionaire, has taken his nephew Mr. Horace White (whom he knows to be hopciessly in love with a Miss Jane Grav. a bright young American girl, assistant teacher of Italian in a fashionable young ladies' seminary in his native city. New York), and his niece, Miss Winnie White, to Italy to study art. The three are housed in fine apartments in an old palace, the one used as a studio containing easels, chairs, a sofa, hassock, some unfinished pictures, studies, fragments of statuary-in short all the æsthetic furnishings usual to studios. When the story opens Miss Winnie and Mr. Horace White are discovered sitting before their respective easels in altogother different attitudes. PARTI

Winnie (easting a troubled glance towards her brother)-"Horace!" Horace-"Well?"

Winnie-"Do you use permanent blue or Prussian blue with crimson lake when you want to get the right purple for this drapery!" Horace-"I don't use either. Hang it all, Winnie, I'm getting desperate!"

Winnie-"Horace White, what are you talking about? Let me see your picture!" Horace-"O, it isn't the picture-but see it-see it-do!" (Shows plain white can-Winnie-"Well, upon mv-"

Horace-"Winnie White, if you were a unhappy brother out of his deep, his miserable affliction! I wish all the pigments, oil and terpentine were-Winnie-"There you go! Just because

you don't like to paint-Horace-"I do like to paint; it's a jolly lot of fun when Pm inspired; but how can a fellow dead, dead in love-hopeless love -sit up and paint purple drapery. Ugh!" Winnio-"Horace!"

Horace-"What is it?" Winnie-"Did you tell uncle all about it?" Horaca-"Did I! Well, you'd have thought so if you'd have seen him!" Winnie-"What did he say?"

Horace-"He said: 'Young man, if you dare to think of such a thing you may say good-bye to your uncle, for I shall disinherit you. Do your hear me! Disinherit you! You're a fool-an out and out fool'-and, Winnie, what is to become of me?" Winnie-"O, you'll live through it-boys

Horaca-"But you don't know the half

Winnie-"Which half?" Horace-"She's here-here at this very

minute, in Rome!' Winnie-"Well, what of that?"

Horace-"That's only one-half-the better

Winnie-"Is there a worse half, Horace? Speak.

Horace -"There is -and it is that I bade her follow me; for, Winnie, we are-already -married!"

Winnie-"Horace White! O, Horace! My brother!" Horaco-"There, there, Winnie, don't take

on so! It was a bit sudden, I know; but I was desperate-and also of age-and so we took a walk and-were married before we sailed. She followed as I bade her, and, oh, Winnie, we depend upon you to help us out of our great difficulty-say you will, Winnie, sav you will!"

Winnie-"If I can, Horace. If I-but there comes uncle-he'll see we've been cryinglet us fly for our lives!" (Both leave the room hurriedly.)

(Mr. N. B. Brown enters the room, walks up to the nearest easel and begins to exam-

ine the picture upon it critically.) Brown-"Capital! Capital! I'll make artists of the young people yet! Beautifully done—tender shadows—exquisite reflect lights in that drapery—ah, my little Winnie's a talented girl-a talented girl! If her brother had only a quarter of her fondness for art but, there! The boy's a genius without a doubt! A capital thing for them that I could fetch them to Italy to study art -Italy, the Cradle of the Beautiful! It is my delight to watch the unfolding of their different styles—one all tenderness, the other all boldness! Let's see what the dear boy has done this morning! (He picks up canvas from where it has fallen.) Great Scott! Not a tint on this Roman twill! It's to la galleriathat Jane Gray-Jane Gray-that's exactly who it is! Jane Gray—and she has come over to 'perfect her Italian'—may the imps take her! Now, I never saw the young woman, and I never will see the young woman-but I've had Jane Gray dinned into my ears until I'm sick of the sound of the name! O, she's a designing creature—a shrewd, crafty, diplomatic little wretch, angling after the only male heir to the great Brown estates. Pil settle her and she'll find that coming over here to 'perfect | her Italian' won't godown with me! What's

(Wippie enters and greets her uncle affec-Winnie-"Your own Winnifred - good morning, Uncle Nappy. And have you seen my work, and are you pleased?"

Brown (frowning)-"O, I'm delighted," Winnie-"What is it, Uncle Beney-you look angry? Well, can't I look angry their places beside the animated conversation. if I am angry? That brother of yours-Winnie-"I knew, it was Horace! Uncle your very own uncle, now, and you've cap Party listen to me-let's send him away to Naples to Milan to Monte Carlo Brown-"Winnifred White, are you in-

Winnie-"I thought only of offering a counter attraction." Brown-"By Jove! Not a bad idea! I'll go-he won't be back very soon, ha! ha!"

give him a pocket-full of gold and let him Winnie-"So that's settled. By the way, Uncle Poley, I forgot to tell you of the beautiful model I engaged. You'll be in raptures when you see her-such glorious big brown eyes with fringes an inch and a quarter long! And soft, dark hair, as justrous as silk, and such a mouth! The old lavandaia-the wash-

woman-told me about her and she will fetch her to-morrow morning-but, 'sh! There one accompanied by the name of the article, and the part of the writer.

If the companies of the part of the writer, write only on one side of the paper. Be purticularly careful in giving names and dates whispers to her brother:) "Accept all your behave the letters and figures plain and uncle's propositions and trust in me!"

Brown (setting up the bare canvas before Horace)-"Well, sir; I am ready to congratulate you upon your astonishing progress-upon the astounding headway you have made! A little pale in tone, perhaps; but so is your Jane Gray. Jane Graypooh! If I could lock her up in a tower and then behead her whenever I felt in the mood, oh, wouldn't I! Don't scowl at me, young man! I shall tempt you with gold, and if that doesn't serve I'll disinherit you, mark that, sir! Horace (goes over to table and writes a check), there's enough to make Monte Carlo a paradise for an hour or two, at least; take it and clear out!"

Horace-"Monte Carlo!" Brown-"Yes, Monte Carlo. Go and gam-

Horace-"Uncle N. B., I can not-stay-(aside) Winnie said I was to accept every roposition he made and trust in her Aloud) Uncle N. B., I will!"

Brown-"I supposed you would. Have Jenks pack up for you-and wait a moment here, Horace; I wish to see you again before you go.' Horace- Very well, sir. (Exit Brown.)

What can my Uncle N. B. mean! What can Winnie mean? What can it all mean?" (Enter Winnie.) Winnie-"It means that you are going to

Monte Carlo-yes! Well, sir, the Monte Carlo to which you are going lies less than one small quarter of a mile away!"

Horaca-"Che volete dire!"

Winnie-"Just what I say. Listen! [Looks all about the room then whispers.] Do you know the road that leads across the Tiberover the Bridge of St. Angelo close by St. Peters, where, only a stone's throw away, dwells one who is perfecting her Italian? Aha-I knew my brilliant scheme would please you-and-bless you, my children!" Horace-"O, Winnie, you're a brick-a regular kiln! But though it's awful niceat present-how will it avail-"

Winnie-"Why, by the time your money is gone your wife will have wen the heart of Uncle Boney, see?"
Horace—"N—no, not exactly."

Winnie-"Well, it's all arranged between us; and I shall hire her as a model-she will come every day and pose for me-a real Italian type she is, you know, and Uncle Leon, will, of course-

Horace-"O, Winnie, Winnie, if ever I smashed your doll's head in early youth, it was simply because I, your only fraternal relative, did not then appreciate what it was to have a sister!"

Winnie-"There, dear boy, don't take it so to heart! I broke your kites and lost your skate-straps fully as often as you murdered my sawdust idols-let's kiss and make up!" PART II.

TWO WEEKS LATER. (Mr. N. D. Brown is discovered looking

out of the window. He suddenly starts and comes hastily forward.) Brown (calling)-"Winnie! Winnie! She's

coming-the model's coming! Where is to mest her alone! That model is the loveliest being I ever saw in my life-such eyes! (Opens his own widely.) Such teeth! (Grins broadly.) Such lips! (Pouts.) If I wasn't "Ha! ha! Here we are, Winnie, Got my such an old-setled-in-life sort o' person I'd- telegram and came right down. Obedient goodness knows what I wouldn't do! A sort boy! Kiss your sister, Horace, and let me o' sadness in the eyes touches me-has she introduce you to the model-seenereener, a sorrow! What can it be! I'll get Winnie this is my nephew, Mr. Horace White; to find out, and if money can relieve her, Horace, the seenereener!" she shall be relieved. Old fool? Yes, I 'ponning' your word, but help your poor, know it; but I don't go crazy often! Some other. Winnie laughts behind her palette.) The monteros who engage these people folks would say I was crazy to send the boy in my madness, yes, sir; method! Gone a whole fortnight and not a word from the scamp in all this time. Must be winning, or I'd heard, fast enough. Jane Gray's not troubling him much nowadays, I'll be bound. Why, this lovely Italian's worth forty Jane Grays! If he made her a niece of mine I'd give 'em my villa on the Hudson and a thousand shares in the X. Y. Z. Centrai for a wedding present! By Jove! Anotheridea! I'll telegraph him to come home at once and-I'll match her against the Grav every time!

(Mr. Brown sits down to fill out a telegraph blank. As he writes, Jane Grav. iressed as an Italian peasant girl steals softly up behind him, peeps over his shoulder and nods a smiling approbation of what she reads. Suddenly she breathes softly in his ear.)

Jane-"Buon giorno, Signor!" Brown (starting to his feet)-"O. Owgood morning, dear, good morning!"

Jano-"Fa bellisimo tempo, signore!" Brown-"Bless my soul, you don't say so! I wish Winnie would come-sit down, seenereener, sit down-(motioning and speaking

very loudly) sit down!" Jane-"Ah-mi-non v' ho cavito" Brown-"Don't mention it! Seenereener!

Jane-"Si Signore?" Brown-"Do you not speak a little-just a very little English!"

me all all about it. It seems there was Jane-"Ah, si. signore-a leedle-a!" Brown (delighted)-"A leedle-a'-why, that's splendid, magnificent!" Jane-"Ella me colmi, gentilezze." eccentric old millionaira-" (Winnie enters.) Brown-"The old curmudgeon!"

Brown-"Well, my dear; I don't know anything about 'Ella' or 'gentle Lizzie.' " Winnie (advancing)-She says you are too kind, Uncle Nappy. Buon giorno, Giovanning-come, Uncle Party, move away, please: I want my model to get into place quickly. Prenda una sedia, Giovannina!" Brown-"Seems to me you're in an awful

hurry to make the poor thing sit with her chin up in the air-can't you let her rest a bit before you begin!" Winnie-"Not an instant. Stia quieto signorina."

Jane-"Son pronto." Brown-"What does she say!" Winnie-"That she is ready, Uncle Polly; isn't she a darling? Did you ever see such beautiful eyes-like liquid seas of golden

Brown-"Did you ever hear of solid seas. But they are lovely, and it's a gloriously good thing the child can't understand a word you say; I'd be afraid to say such

things to her very face!" Winnie-"O, she don't mind it. See how unconscious she looks!" Brown-"And how sad!"

Winnie-"She does look sad. She told me a little about her sorrow when you went off Brown-"Speak English!"

Winnie-"Very well, sir; the picture gallery. And now, ardate via-I mean, go her-the poor girl!"

nie; I'm off to telegraph Horace to come ster!" home; and, do you know, small woman, I've a notion of turning match-maker-I, your | don't begin to spell it! But look at 'em now, uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte Brown!"

Winnie-"Uncle Boney, aren't you ashamed of yourself! And there's Jane Brown-"Confound Jane Gray! I beg Jane move a little apart.) your pardon, seenereener, did I frighten

you! Hang it all; tell her I'm a brute-a blarsted idiot-any thing you choose-I'm

whereupon the two young ladies arise from their places beside the easel and begin an Winnie-"There, he's gone! Jane, he's ple alone."

ured him beautifully! Why, he rares over The poor boy was to be dragged away from you; and all there's left to do is to make a that (waves hand again) perfectly encimntclean breast of it-what do you say to a ing being's presence, and was told that years What fun!" Jane-"O, Winnie, dear, I'm so fearful!"

Winnie-"Of what! Hasn't Uncle Nappy a justice of the peace-and-were married." gone to telegraph Horace to come home from Monte Carlo just on your account?" Jane-"Yes, I know, dear; but Horace-

(Enter Horace, who overhears Jane.) Winnie-"Giovannina, siste un' oco!" Horace-"Of course she's a goose-but what about Horace, my charming peasant?" Jane_"Horace" Winnie-"Horace!"

pair our in 10 as more flow as

game must end. Where has Uncle N. B. becomes Horaco-I leave you to pronounce his taken himself!-I saw him leave the house doom!" (Passing out as Horace enters, she and so, like the sneak I have lately become -I ventured in "

Jane-"Gone to telegraph you to come ome-ha! ha!!! Winnie-"And fall a victim to Giovannina

-hee! hee!"

Horace-"O, I'm victim enough, I assure Winnie-"Now, Jane, darling, come into my room and let's have a good old-fashioned gossip-Uncle Party will not return vory soon-come! Excuse us, Horace, and go away-that's a dear; Uncle Boney mustn't

find you here-and in two days you may arrive from Monte Carlo-will you go?" Horace-"Grazie, l'arvertiro, mio caro 14rello! (Bows and kisses his hand to Winnie, embraces his wife, and, at their departure, takes up his hat and cane preparatory to leaving the house.) My lovely little wife-I'm a coward not to have acknowledged her pefore; but Uncle N. B. would have been Uncle N. G. if I'd have come out flat with the facts. Now, the dear old man is in love with her himself-and may all the lucky in one blaze of dazzling glory!"

PART III. (Same, two days later. Mr. N. B. Brown is seated at table reading paper.) Brown (tossing paper aside and consulting

watch)-"The morning train leaves at-" Enter Horace briskly). Horace-"How do you do, Uncle N. B! I'm glad to see you looking so well!" Brown-"Bless my soul, Horace, back

again! I sent you a telegram --- " Horace-"Which accounts for my sudden appearance, sir. Well, here I am, and here at the same time is All Fool's Day-quite appropriate, eh?" Brown-"That depends. Sit down-sit

down, youngster; been enjoying yourself?" Horaco-"That's what I should call it, sir!" Brown-"Lose much, Horace?" Horace-"No, sir. I have won!" Brown-"Bless me! I hope you are lucky

flavor of the oil evaporates freely and on the win, my boy, for I've a finer prize here for you than you could find at Monte Carlo!" Horaco-"Is it something you'd like take home to America with you, sir?"

Brown-"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! If you win, ha! ha! as you guess, ha! ha! you're pretty safe to capture the prize!' Horace-"Well, I shall try my best, sir and hope to be lucky for your sake!" Brown-"And I hope for your own. But

there—ask me no questions. I see you have a thousand ready; just come into the lunch room and have a bite and sup." Horaco-"Questa cosa mi da gran placere." Brown-"I don't know what you mean, but you're all right; talks like a native;

bless the boy!" (Brown pats Horace on the back, as both leave the room.) (Jennie and Winnie enter and take seats near one of the easels.) Winnie-"Now pose, Jennie, and look

Jane-"It's going to be almost the death of me-I feel it-I know it!" Winnie-"Courage, sweet sister-in-lawthat girl! She knows I can't speak Italian hear them coming! Hold up your chin and worth a fiddlestring, and yet she leaves me it solo difetta che gli trovo e che sembrane troppo

look toward Horace, or you will spoil it all."

(Enter Brown and Horace.) Brown (smiling and rubbing his hands)-

(Horace and Jane bow solemnly to one an-Brown (drawing Horace to one side)ever see such eyes!"

Horace-"Never!" Brown-"Or such a mouth?"

Horace-"No, sir!" Brown-"Or such a perfect chin, or throat, r sea shell of ears, or hands, or feet-or-' Horace-"Never in all my life, uncle N. B., never!"

Brown-"I knew you'd say so-I knew it! your miserable, wretched Jane Grav now!" Horace-"Eh-ah-that is a question I should not care to answer just now. Brown-I should think not, indeed! with the old love, eh, my boy!"

(Winnie advanced to her uncle's side.) Winnie-"O. Uncle Boney, I asked her about her sorrow and she told me all. Horace, go and air your prettiest Italian to yonder poor girl, while I tell the sad story to Uncle Party."

(Winnie leads her uncle to a sofa and motions him to sit beside her. Horace sinks upon a footstool at the feet of his wife and begins to whisper earnestly to Jane, who leans lovingly towards him.)

Brown-"Told you all about it, did she, Winnie! Lovely creature! Somehow my heart yearns-Winnie-"All that I am hoping for is that it will never cease to yearn! Yes, she told

little love affair between herself and a young fellow-a bright, handsome boy who is kept Horaco-"And who threatens all sorts of

dire vengeances if the boy shall marry this (waves her hand dramatically toward Jane) sweet, sweet creature!"

Brown-"Why, the old reprobate-look Winnie, they are in love already; she has actually placed one pretty unconscious hand upon the young rascal's shoulder-bravo! bravo! Go on, child. By the way, what are the names of these people?

Winnie-"The girl's name? La Signorina Giovannina Bigio. I thought you knew." Brown-"To be sure! To be sure! And the boy's! Winnie-"Il Signore: Oratio Bianco."

Brown - " Eel Seener Orrazy Bianker." Well, and the old miser's?" Winnie-"Ah! Ah! Il Signor Bruno." Brown-Humph! Bruno-Bruno-is he s dog that he must do this thing?"

Winnie-"I should say that he was a sort of a dog in the manger, shouldn't you, Uncle Poley! Well, in spite of this rich man's opposition these two kept faithful to their vows of love.'

Brown-"Quite the proper thing. I honor 'em for it." Winnie-"The old gentleman, hearing of this, tried to part them."

Brown-"The old scoundrel!" Winnie-"He bribed the poor boy with gold-sent him away, and tried his best to away, please, and I'll try to find out the break the heart of that (waving hand again rest of it. Possibly we may be able to help towards Jane) entrancingly beautiful vis-Brown-"The poor girl! All right, Win- Leon, a terrible tyrant, a malicious mon-

Brown-"That don't spell it, Winnie, that girl-the young scapegrace actually has one arm around her-bless my soul!" Winnie (sternly to Jane and Horace)-"Bedate, figli-non casi presto!" (Horace and

Horace-"Castagni!" (Winnie and Jane laugh.) Brown-"What is that, Winnie?" Winnie-"He said 'chestnuts,' Uncle

Mr. Brown leaves the room hurriedly, Boney, but don't mind him-he's in the toils Brown-"Proceed with your interesting narrative, my niece, and let the young peo-

> the impulse of the moment-and the horse cars-the young couple went to the office of Brown (bouncing from his position in the sofa and beginning to pace the fluor, at which all the others arise)-"So she's an-

slightest grain of hope for us!" Winnie-"Uncle Poley, what, under the existing, harrowing circumstances, would you advise them to do!" Brown-"Do! Do! There's nothing left manufactured. -N. Y. Letter.

Horace-"Yes; it is Horace. Girls, this to do but go to the old demon and beg his

(Horace and Jane, having advanced during Mr. Brown's last speech, now kneel beside the old gentlemas, each seizing one of

his hands and speaking together.) Horace ! - "Which we do, Uncle Napoleon Jane | Bonaparte Brown! (Mr. Brown stares wildly from one to the other, turning his head from Jane to Horace and back again with each word he utters.) mined to organize themselves for so-Brown-"Uncle Napoleon - Bonaparte -Brown! What does this mean!"

Horace (in mock pathos (-"It means that I am the poor boy, Orasio Bionco-Anglicized, Horace White! Jane-"And that I am Giovannia Bigio-

translated, Jane Gray!" Winnie-"And you, dear Uncle Nappy, sweet Uncle Poley, darling Uncle Leon, charming Uncle Boney, blessed Uncle Party, are the cruel old tyrant Il Signore Bruno-Americanized, Brown! You would never consent to look upon the face of Jane Gray, and I knew one sight of her would cause your hard old heart to releat-for, as you yourself have said, 'None knew her but to love her!' So we compelled you to see her stars in my own particular heaven shine out and admire her-and you are wildly in love with her, aren't you! Children, arise and greet your uncle!"

Brown-"I give in-it's all up with me, children! Kiss me, Jane; embrace me, Winnie: your hand, Horace-I see it all now; and I'm nothing, after all, but a simple old April Fool!"-Eea Best, in Detroit Free

CIGAR-BOX MAKING. Why Cedar Wood Is Used in All Parts of

Cedar is used for cigar boxes because it is the most porous wood, is easily dried, and can be cut and nailed better and quicker than hard wool. But the principal reason is because of the flavor to aid this class and urge upon the which is contained in the essential oil

with which the wood is saturated. The

kind of tobacco. The best cedar-the largest and finest in color and quantity-comes from the southern Gulf coast of Mexico. Lately the cedar market has been very much depressed because manufacturers of cable to use stained and grained wood,

boxes. The grain is pressed on the

wood while it is running through rollers, and the imitation is nearly perfect, except the peculiar aroma. In Cuba, Mexico, Guatemala and the Central American States cedar grows in forests, singly or in clumps of three or four trees, and these trees are very dreadfully melancholy. Don't venture to often fifty to one hundred yards apart. They grow frequently in company with mahogany. The trees being so far apart it is very troublesome to get them out of the woods after they are cut. In the majority of instances a

the woods, through which the timber is

dragged to a neighboring creek, the water of which bears it to market. The trees are cut by Indians or halfbreeds, for which they are paid in States, twenty-live to fifty cents a day generally manage it so that nothing is off to Mente Carlo—but there was method "Horace, my boy, on the quiet, now, did you left after purchasing the supplies, tools, etc.; all this is deducted out of the Indians' or half-breeds' pay, and if any thing is left the montero usually gam-

bles it away. The chopping of the trees is generally done during the dry season. When the rainy season sets in, which is in the fall none know her but to love her. Where's months, the creeks and rivers commence to swell, and the timber is floated down to the larger streams, and from there it is sent in rafts to the shippers near the seacoast. Advances in the shape of money, provisions, and tools are made to the monteros by the shippers. Cedar and mahogany are shipped to New York, Havre, Liverpool and Hamburg on consignment.

The cedar is now in New York. Possibly it has lain two or three seasons where it has been cut on account of the seasons not being rainy enough to float it to tidewater. It is now in rough logs, the only attempt at dressing done being simply to remove the bark and to fashion it into a square shape. How it is made into cigar-boxes is a process

that can be readily imagined. First, the log, if too long, is sawed off completely under the thumb of a very to a required length. Then it is hauled up an inclined plane to the mill. Here, by means of an endless band and veneer saws it is sawed into one-quarter and three-sixteenths inch lumber. The cut timber is taken to the dryingroom where it is placed in racks where the circulation of the air is free and subjected to hot steam until the moist- lives. ure of the wood is all dried out. The lumber is then taken out of the dryingroom and planed. The seasoning and planing constitute the most important

elements in a good cigar-box. The timber is now finished, trimmed, and the edges smoothed, and it is sawed crosswise into the sides, bottoms and tops of the eigar boxes. The selectors seven election clerks and judges should self with as much aid of this kind as now take hold of the cedar, and pick be kept in prison for doing precisely possible in the great contest which is out the best pieces for the front and the | what hundreds of other gentlemen in | soon to begin. There are unquestionworst for the back of the boxes. The | politics had done and were ready to do | ably enough Republican votes in the pieces are now ready to be put to- at short notice-viz., defraud the country to elect the next President; gether, but they must first receive whatever printing and embossing the cigar manufaturer may require. A cigar box ordinarily needs four or five impressions. Besides the brand, which is stamped and printed on the top. there are legends, such as "Conchas Specials," "Favoritas" and similar distinguishing words printed on the sides. ion! Wasn't he a fiend incarnate, Uncle The district internal revenue number of the cigar factory using the box and The seven judges and clerks who were Republicans of every school district in not infrequently assumes a "fast" the quantity is impressed, according to caught perpetrating frauds merited the Union ought to be urged and as- style of talk, manner and dress in

law, on the bottom of the box. The pieces are nailed into hooks first

secures it to the box. taken to the pasting-room. Here girls organ, the Sunpaper, who apologizes inspire them with a proper degree of paste the edges, labels, etc., and the for election thieves and upholds ring zeal and ambition. They will easily There is a liberty that makes us free, box is stood aside to dry. The box is bosses. The failure of the law to pun- find ways to give a good account of and a liberty that makes us slaves, and now ready to receive cigars. Some- ish certain wrong-doers is no excuse themselves if once fairly started in the girls who take liberties with modtimes fancy touches in the way of varnishing and putting on fancy paper are desired, but the ordinary cedar bona fide American April fool in Italy! would elapse before he could return. On cigar-box receives the treatment I have described. When it is recollected that a eigar-box fulfills its mission the moment it receives its cigars, and must be destroyed, by law, as soon as it becomes empty, the number of boxes used in other's-another's-and there's no hope-no this country, with the progress of the cigar industry and the law prescribing bosses in Baltimore who make and undustrious and persevering service; them as the only packing for cigars, it almost equals the number of hair-pins

THE GRAND ARMY. Union Men Dependent on Ex-Rebels for

Legislative Relief. The history of the world has never seen such an organization as that known as the Grand Army of the Republic. After four years and a half of the bloodiest war the world ever saw, the soldiers of the Union army deter-

cial and charitable purposes. It was, as a matter of course, that in so grand a war, where 2,300,000 men had been enlisted in the army, that thousands and hundreds of thousands in favor of the Democratic free-trade of men who escaped with life from the deadly bullet, or the even more deadly camp disease, would be left wounded and diseased. It was also certain that meny of these soldiers, disabled by wounds or disease, would suffer the pangs of poverty. Having been victorious-having saved the country for which they fought, having unified the Nation which others were attempting to destroy, the Nation showed its gratitude to these soldiers by providing pensions for such as were disabled or

diseased. But in making laws for a general purpose it was utterly impossible that Congress could reach all cases that needed relief. Technical objections, the failure to procure testimony, the inability of the soldiers to expend the money necessary for this purpose, would and did prevent many deserving men from receiving pensions. The Grand Army of the Republic steps in Government the necessity, the propriety, the honesty of giving to these men what was their due as defenders has the most beneficial effect upon any of the Union. In that it was a charitable organization devoted to the interests of its members.

It is well known that camp life produces insidious diseases that do not appear for years after the time when the seeds of the disease were planted. cheap cigar boxes have found it practi- It is also well known that as age creeps upon man these diseases and disabiliin imitation of genuine cedar, for cheap ties become more apparent. Twentythree years have passed away-nearly the life of a man-since the close of ice in apparent good health are now consequences upon the country, it will

Here again the Grand Army of the we ask for them just what they are en- Des Moines Register, special path has to be made through titled to, the aid of the Government tomb.

lating as to the rights of the victors.

Men who were in the rebel army now hold seats in Congress and denounce the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, asking for their disabled comrades, as being guilty of "robbery, and pretense, and hypocrisy." They denounce these applicants as "dishonest." They ridicule their applications for aid.

One of them says: "I will not go one single step further in this unholy and wicked prostitution of the gratitude of a great people."

In short, these ex-rebels, now legisthat the Grand Army of the Republic is a fraud. The spectacle is enough to make the gods weep. - National Repub-

NOT AN OLD HICKORY.

A Democratic Organ Repudiates Gorman and His Creatures Governor Jackson, of Maryland, in pardoning the seven Baltimore election clerks and judges who were conguilty they could not have been punat prison labor the remainder of their party discipline and confidence. One

gentlemen endear themselves to the made to answer its purpose, and the bosses by their ability to commit these | party that tries to dispense with it is peccadilloes. To Governor Jackson | certain to suffer accordingly. and the manipulators of Baltimore polities it must have seemed odd that Republican party should provide itvoters of the city. When the ben- and the principal task of the cameficiaries of these rascalities were paign is to concentrate them and get walking the streets of Baltimore or | them all cast at the election. That i planning Democratic campaigns in the sort of work that the clubs do, high places it must have seemed droll | and it can not be thoroughly done to some people to force a vicarious without them. Thousands of them sacrifice upon seven poor devils who have already been organized under of getting married, and use questiona-

happened to get caught. other men to do with this question? part of what it should be. The young haste the less speed," this sort of girl the full punishment of the law. The sisted to co-operate in the struggle order to make herself attractive to the fact that one hundred ballot-box for honest and progressive govern--that is, an end and side piece are put stuffers and registry-list forgers of ment, by forming such associations. bait, but they will not allow themselves together. The hooks are joined and Baltimore are not now in the peniten- No elaborate scheme of organization to be caught. A loud girl may attract the box is ready for the top and bottom. | tiary is a disgrace to the city and the | is necessary. In fact, the more sim-The latter is nailed on and a muslin Democratic party. These seven men ple it is the better it will serve to achinge is pasted on the former, which are no worse than their comrades- complish the ends in view. The prinsome of them in office-and they are cipal thing is to bring the young Men of the baser sort may amuse them-From the nailing-room the boxes are far better than the editor of the ring voters together in a distinct body and for Mr. Jachne, now in Sing Sing, that the right direction. Mr. Blaine never other men guilty of the same crime of | declared a more significant truth than which he stands convicted can not even when he said: "The giants of myth- line territory, are not more free but be brought to trial. That is merely a ology typified the strength of young more enslaved than before. And the reflection upon our judicial system. men, and the strength of the Repub-Governor Jackson, of Maryland, evi- lican party is in the young men of in view, is lost by the means to gain dently bears no relationship to the im- this country, of whom it possesses a it. Whatever men may be themselves mortal Andrews of blessed Democratic vast majority." But this source of they like gentleness, modesty and memory. He has demonstrated that power is useful only in such proporhe is under the domination of the ring tion as it may be organized for inmake Governors.

outspoken in their hostility to the party management which not only winks at and encourages crime but protects the perpetrators, and that such men as Frank Morrison are found repudiating the dictators who so shamelessly defy decent public sentiment .- N. I. World (Dem.).

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Boodle, budge, buncombe."-'busted' in Ohio. - Cleveland Leader. We are all in favor of revising and reducing the tariff, but we are not plan of doing it .- Chicago Journal.

The Kentucky plan for getting rid of a surplus consists of a man, one scoop shovel, a leather bag to hold the boodle and a ticket to Canada - Philadelphia Press. The Democratic National ticket as thus far formulated is Cleveland and

Blank, and it will be substantially th: same after the St. Louis convention .-Chicago Tribune. Mr. W. D. Foulke shook a good deal of cotton out of the Civil-Service reform cushion on which the Democratic Administration has been seeking

to rest its rbeumatism .- Richmond (Ind.) Telegram. Dakota has turned out a pair of uvenile train-wreckers. This is done in the vain hope that by seeming to copy after Missouri she may fool the Democracy into letting her join the Union. - Minneapolis Tribune.

The report that Mr. Cleveland would not be a candidate for renomination has been started out on another tour in the South and West. It will very likely be arrested for trying to play the confidence game. - Philadelphia Press.

The pretense that in a political sense Mr. Cleveland has ever been stronger with the people than the Democracy, is as flimsy and unsubstantial as the other pretense that in a moral sense he has been better. -N. Y. Sun (Dem.).

16 Grover Cleveland is not beaten out of sight at the polls next Nothe war, and thousands-ves, tens of vember by working-men who resent his thousands-of men who left the serv- attempt to force free-trade's ruinous suffering from diseases contracted dur- | be becouse he is not allowed to run. -Philadelphia News. Those who expect Mr. Cleve-

Republic steps in the front and says to land to retire from the race because he Congress: "Our comrades, numbers of has been criticised, and because a large them, are suffering from diseases element in his party does not admire brought on by the exposure to which him, do not understand the selfish they were subjected during the war; buil-headed propensities of the man .-If there was throughout the which they preserved to lighten the United States an election law such as

pathway of these old soldiers to the that in this city, securing to each citizen-poor as well as rich, black as For the first time in the history of surely as white-a vote, and the count- etc. Our local bookseller will have the nummankind, when these soldiers come- ing and reporting of it fairly, the Mexico and the Central American this banded body of the defenders of Democratic party would be instantly the Union-into the halls of the Legis- paralyzed and have no chance whatlature asking relief for their brethren, ever of carrying the next Presidential they find themselves confronted by the election. If we had had such an elecmen they conquered making laws for tion law in 1884 throughout the United | The Evergreens Cemetery and Woodthe Government they tried to destroy, States, James G. Blaine would have lawn and other burying places were and that the vanquished are now legis- been President by a majority of at alive with laundrymen. The wind least sixty electoral votes. The Dem- interfered greatly with their joss stick ocratic party has always been the burning, and they set up umbrellas party of fraud, and sticks to it -Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

REPUBLICAN CLUBS. The Most Advantageous Agencies Which

the Party Can Employ. The rapid increase of Republican clubs in all parts of the country is a fact of decided interest and importance. It implies organization of the ing home to see them, the Chinese have most desirable and effective kind. an understanding with the dving that Such clubs are composed mainly, as a once they leave their mortal coil they rule, of the young and aggressive shall "stay out," and that all the neclating for the country, say that no members of the party-the element essaries of life in the other world shall more pensions shall be granted, and that creates enthusiasm and gives to a be faithfully transmitted to them twice campaign its practical and conquer- a year, once at the opening of spring ing vigor. The first election of Lin- and once at the beginning of winter. coln was largely due to organizations It has been discovered that the way to of this description; and the same is transmit servants, songs, plays, books true of other notable Republican vic- and money is to manufacture them in tories. There are certain facilities of paper and burn them. But actual success in politics which can only be eatables are carried to the graves. reached by enlisting the active inter- Wagon loads of roasted pigs, chickens, est of voters who are fond of doing ducks, Chinese and American sweetthings energetically and willing to meats and fruits went to the cemeteries give close attention to details. The vesterday. The food was piled before victed of frauds upon the ballet-box orators are useful in their way, and each grave, amid burning red carrotcommitted two years ago, took the the newspapers render good service in shaped candles and joss sticks. The ground that the men had been suffi- another way; but after all, the best re- Chinese prostrated themselves before ciently punished. If the men were sults are brought about by the clubs their dead, begging them to rise up that make it a point to appeal directly and enjoy themselves. Chinese wines ished too much if they had been kept to individual voters and to promote were then thrown liberally upon each such agency in every voting precinct of five-cent cigars, while others got Of course, under the ring rule in is the most advantageous thing that a only packages of cigarettes. It took Baltimore election frauds are regarded | party can have, as experience has fully | about two hours to get the essence of as simply venial offenses. Many demonstrated. Nothing else can be the estables conveyed to the essences

It is particularly desirable that the

the most auspicious conditions, but ble means to achieve their purpose. But what had the political crimes of the number is not yet a hundredth Forgetting the proverb: "The more and the methods of the club are to be It is not to be wondered at that preferred above all others in that conhonest Democrats in Baltimore are nection .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SIBERIA.

Secrets Revealed-George Kennan's Wonderful Journey. MOST interesting contribution to secret history will be the illustrated papers on "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kennan, which are to begin in the May Century magazine. They will embody the results of what is believed to be the first successful attempt by a competent investigator to make a thorough study of the Russian exile system. Before undertaking his arduous journey of 10,000 miles, in the interest of The Century, Mr. Kennan, author of Siberia, etc., had spent four MOST interesting contri-

Tent Life in Siberia, etc., had spent four years in Russia and Siberia, was thoroughly conversant with the people and the language, and had reached the conclusion that the Russian Government had been misrepresented, and that the exile system of Siberia was not so tarrible as was automated. ria was not so terrible as was supposed. Knowing that Mr. Kennan held these views, the Russian Government gave him every facility for a thorough

INSPECTION OF MINES AND PRISONS of Siberia-the most thorough that had ever been made by a traveler. Armed with letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and other high officials, Mr. Kennan went everywhere, inspecting mines and prisons, convict barges and hospitals, and traveling with chained exiles along the great Siberian road. He made the intimate personal acquaintance of more than three hundred exiled "liberals" and Nihilists, many of whom wrote out their histories for his use. The actual facts, as revealed by this searching investigation, were far re-moved from Mr. Kennan's preconceived ideas, as this thrilling narrative of fifteen months' privation and adventure will show.

As is already known, the publication of
Mr. Kennan's preliminary papers has resulted in his being placed

ON THE BLACK LIST
by the Russian Government, and copies of
The Century containing them have the objectionable article torn out by the custom
officials before being allowed to enter the Czar's dominions

"I expected, of course," says Mr. Kennan, in a recent interview, "to be put on the Russian black list. The stable-door is locked, but the horse has been stolen—and I've got him."



BOARDING A CONVICT BARGE. Mr. G. A. Frost, artist and photographer, accompanied Mr. Kennan, and the results of his work will form a wonderfully interesting series of pictures of Russian and Siberian

The articles begin in the May Century, which is a great issue in many other re-spects, containing also an interesting illustrated article on ranch life; first chapters of "The Liar," a novelette by Henry James; the exciting narrative, "A Locomotive Chase in Georgia;" a suggestive paper on "The Chances of Being Hit in Battle;" an essay on Milton by Matthew Arnold; "A Love Story Reversed," by Edward Bellamy, etc., ber after the first of May.

FEEDING THE DEAD. Departed Relatives.

The Chinese fed their dead recently. over the graves to keep off the strong southwester, so that they could send off properly their hosts of paper servants and hundreds of yards of prayers. On golden-hued paper were the money prayers, and the black paper prayers were for cooking utensils.

To prevent the spirits of their departed relatives from constantly comgrave. Many graves received boxes who were awaiting it, and then the devotees gathered up the "accidents" and carried them home again to feed their own material bodies. But the cigars and cigarettes were burned on the graves. Home-made heathen spectators tried to snatch them off the fire, but the devotee heathens stopped

them. -N. Y. Sun. FAST YOUNG WOMEN. Why Men Worth Having Never Think of Marrying Them.

There are girls who, instead of making themselves useful and calmly resting in their maiden dignity, think only opposite sex. Fish may nibble at her attention and have half an hour of popularity, but she is a type of the short-sightedness of some of her sex. selves with her, but no man worth having would think of marrying her. esty of speech and manner, and who cross over the boundary into mascuapprobation of men, which is the end purity in act and thought in women. They want their wives to be better than themselves. They think that women should be the conservators of all that is restrained, chivalrous and gentle.-Lady Bellaire, in Blackwood's